I was typing on my laptop. I might even have been playing a computer game. Adam hated computers. A few days ago we were working in the kitchen and I told him about emulators. He knew about my programmer friend. He couldn't find work in his field. He spent a lot of time thinking about games and memory. Games consumed enormous amounts of memory. Adam said he thought we should get out of our little "box" and see more of the real world. I showed him my genuine Commodore Business Machines wristwatch. He laughed at it. I told him about the emulator for the Commodore 64 and how all I had to do was download it and some games. "Yahoo," he said.

I was also drinking beer and listening to Tristan. It was a long opera so I would have been listening to the Liebestod in the morning. That was more appropriate. One afternoon last week we were standing on the front porch of the House. He'd offered me one of his Lucky Strikes to smoke with him before he went home. It was a part of our routine. I didn't take it because I still had that bad cold. Adam said that meant I wasn't a true smoker. True smokers would just "smoke through." It was six o'clock and already getting dark. I said it reminded me of standing on the porch last year. I repeated what I said then, that it was like looking down a dark tunnel into winter, and Christmas.

I showed him the Tristan, one of those historical performances on Naxos that I was always buying. I'd loaned him a recording of Scriabin's preludes. He listened to it but